

V. SARDOU
L. ILLICA - G. GIACOSA

TOSCA

AN OPERA IN
THREE ACTS.

MUSIC BY

G. PUCCINI.

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★ **MADAM BUTTERFLY** ★ **THE GIRL ^{OF} THE GOLDEN WEST** ★

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CHARACTERS.

FLORIA TOSCA, a celebrated Songstress	-	<i>Soprano</i>
MARIO CAVARADOSSI, Painter	- - -	<i>Tenor</i>
BARON SCARPIA, Chief of the Police	-	<i>Baritone</i>
CESARE ANGELOTTI	- - - -	<i>Bass</i>
A SACRISTAN	- - - - -	<i>Baritone</i>
SPOLETTA, Police Agent	- - - -	<i>Tenor</i>
SCIARRONE, Gendarme	- - - -	<i>Bass</i>
A GAOLER	- - - - -	<i>Bass</i>
A SHEPHERD-BOY	- - - - -	<i>Contralto</i>

MUTE PERSONAGES.

Roberti, Executioner.

A Cardinal.

A Judge.

A Scribe.

An Officer.

A Sergeant.

Soldiers, Police - Agents, Ladies, Nobles, Citizens, Artisans, etc.

Rome, June, 1800.

ACT I.

Scene : The Church of Sant'Andrea alla Valle.

R.—The Attavanti Chapel. L.—Scaffolding, dais, easel supporting a large picture covered by a cloth. Accessories of the painting craft. A basket.

(Enter Angelotti L., in prison garb, harassed, dishevelled, panic-stricken, well-nigh breathless with fear and hurry. He casts a hasty glance around him)

Angelotti

Ah ! I have baulked them ... dread imagination
Made me quake with uncalled-for perturbation.

(shuddering, he again looks round him, curiously and somewhat more calmly, heaving a sigh of relief as he recognises a pillar-shrine containing an image of the Virgin and surmounting a receptacle for Holy Water)

The pila ... and the column.
My sister wrote to tell me
" At the foot of the Madonna "...

(he approaches the column and searches for the key beneath the feet of the Holy Virgin's image. Not finding it immediately, he appears discouraged, and renews his quest in a state of manifest agitation. Presently, stifling an exclamation of joy, he discovers the key)

This is the key,

(quickly passing his hand over the portals of Attavanti Chapel)

and this the Chapel entrance.

(stricken anew with alarm by the notion that he has been followed, he looks timorously about him, creeps up to the chapel-gates, carefully inserts the key in the keyhole, opens the folding-doors and passes through them, closing them behind him)

(Enter the Sacristan C, grasping in one hand a bundle of paint-brushes ; he crosses from L. to R., and takes up his stand in the nave of the church, for a time, eventually moving towards the scaffolding while talking loudly, as though he were addressing some unseen person)

The Sacristan

(who has a nervous trick of twitching his neck and shoulders)

Vainly I soak them ! Dirty they are and sticky,
Fouler than any frowsy choir-boy's dicky...

Good sir, I pray you...

ACT I.

(staring at the dais, and amazed to see it vacant)

What! Nobody! I could have sworn
I should have found Cavaradossi
busily working at his easel.

(He looks into the basket)

No, wrong again.
Nothing has been touched here.

*He steps down from the dais. The Angelus is rung. He kneels, and intones the prayer. Bed
Enter Cavaradossi L. He sees the Sacristan kneeling)*

Cavaradossi

What now?

Sacristan

(rising)

Only the Angelus.

Cavaradossi ascends the dais and uncovers the picture, which represents a Mary Magdalen with large blue eyes and masses of golden hair. The painter stands facing it, gazing upon it in silent and intent contemplation. Turning towards Cavaradossi to speak to him, the Sacristan catches sight of the uncovered picture, and exclaims in great amazement :)

Saints and Martyrs! It is the portrait...

Cavaradossi

(turning towards the Sacristan)

Of whom?

Sacristan

Of that fair lady who, day by day,
lately, to pray came hither.

reverently bowing before the Virgin's image beneath which Angelotti had found the keys

Deeply devout was her worship...

Cavaradossi

(smiling)

Ay, truly! While thus absorbed in her
devotions, plunged in dreamy rapture
then unseen, I depicted her lovely semblance.

Sacristan

(scandalized)

Get thee Satan, behind me!

ACT I.

Cavaradossi

(to the Sacristan, who obeys him)

Give me the colours !

(he begins to paint rapidly, often pausing to look at his own work, while the Sacristan fidgets backwards and forwards, eventually picking up the brushes and dabbling them in a bucket at the foot of the scaffolding. Cavaradossi suddenly stops painting, takes out of his breast-pocket a medallion containing a miniature, and compares the latter with the picture on the wall)

Strange harmony of contrasts,
thus deliciously blending,
My Floria's dusky glow with
peach-like bloom contending.

Sacristan

(grumbling under his breath)

He scorns the saints and jests with the ungodly.

(fetches water wherewith to cleanse the brushes)

Cavaradossi

Thou fairest Queen of Heaven,
Gold are thy tresses and radiantly bright !
Thine eyes are blue—and Tosca's
Dark as a moonless night.

Sacristan

(returns up the stage, murmuring)

He scorns the saints and jests with the ungodly !

(The Sacristan recommences washing the brushes)

Cavaradossi

Art, that potent magician, many beauties
combines in one ideal ;
To me, beloved Tosca, when I limn thy bright visage,
thou alone art real ! (he continues to paint)

Sacristan

(having dried the cleaned brushes, he goes on muttering)

These light o' loves pernicious,
So frivolously vicious,
Delight in wiling human souls to perdition ;
And they, like heathenish unbelievers,
Should all be hanged or burned as vile deceivers,

By the Holy Inquisition. (grumbles)

He scoffs at saints, and jests with the ungodly !

(he thrusts the basket under the scaffolding, and places the clean brushes in a jug near the painter)
(aside) (I may as well be off, with his permission.)

(aloud) Excellency, I'm going.

Cavaradossi

Do as you please, man. (goes on painting)

Sacristan

(pointing to the basket)

Full is the pannier... Pray, are you fasting ?

Cavaradossi

Nothing for me !

ACT I.

Sacristan

Oh ! I am sorry !...

(grabs his hands ironically, but cannot repress a joyous gesture and a greedy glance at the Sacrist which he picks up and sets aside. He then takes two pinches of snuff)

Please to lock up, when leaving.

Cavaradosi

Go !

Sacristan

I go. (Exit C.)

(Cavaradosi continues to work, turning his back to the Chapel. Angelotti, believing the Church to be empty, appears behind the railing, and uses the key to open it.)

Cavaradosi

(hears the lock creak, and turns round)

Someone is in there !

(Angelotti, alarmed by Cavaradosi's movement, is about to take refuge anew in the Chapel, but utters a half-stifled cry of gladness on recognising the painter, towards whom he advances open-armed, as to an unhopèd-for rescuer)

Angelotti

You ! Cavaradosi !

God sends you to me !

(Cavaradosi does not recognise Angelotti, and remains on the sile, with an amazement ; Angelotti, craving recognition, approaches him)

Have you quite forgotten ?

Has prison-life transfixed me out of knowledge.

ACT I.

Cavaradossi

(recognising Angelotti, hastily sets down his palette and brushes, and descends from the dais looking cautiously around him)

Angelotti !

The Consul of the moribund Roman Republic !

(hastens to close the church-door L.)

Angelotti

(advancing towards Cavaradossi)

I have escaped but now from Fort San Angelo...

Cavaradossi

(generously)

Can I do aught to help you ?

Tosca

(from without)

Mario !

Cavaradossi

(bearing Tosca's voice, makes a sign to Angelotti enjoining him to keep silence)

Conceal yourself !

The most jealous of women ...

Within a minute I'll dismiss her.

Tosca

Mario ! (as before)

Cavaradossi

(In reply)

Here I am !

Angelotti

(overcome by weakness, leans against the scaffolding)

I am hungry and weary and exhausted ...

Cavaradossi

(produces the basket from beneath the scaffolding, and gives it to Angelotti)

See, here is good store of food and liquor.

Angelotti

Thank you !

Cavaradossi

(urging Angelotti forward towards the Chapel)

Hasten !

(Angelotti enters the Chapel)

Tosca

(Irritated)

Mario ! Mario ! Mario !

Cavaradossi

(feigning calm, opens the door to Tosca)

I am here !

Tosca

(enters impetuously, looking suspiciously about her. Cavaradossi approaches her to embrace her - she repels him brusquely)

Why lock the door ?

Cavaradossi

(feigning indifference)

By the Sacristan's order.

Tosca

To whom wert speaking ?

Cavaradossi

To thee !

Tosca

To someone else I heard thee whisp'ring.

Where is she ?

Cavaradossi

Who ?

Tosca

Why, she !... Your fair lady !...

Her footsteps and the swish of her skirts

I heard quite plainly ...

Cavaradossi

Fancies !

Tosca

Was't not so ?

Cavaradossi

(passionately)

'Twas not, beloved !

(tries to embrace her)

Tosca

(gently reproving him)

Oh ! before the good Madonna ! No,
Mario mine ; let me pray to her first,
and make my off'ring !

(she reverently adorns the Virgin's image with the flowers which she had brought with her for that purpose ; then kneels down, prays devoutly, crosses herself, and arises. To Cavaradossi, who, meanwhile, has made preparations to resume work)

And now listen to me.

To-night I'm singing, but the piece is a
short one. At the stage door await me
without fail, and we'll run off
to the villa by stealth together.

Cavaradossi

(absently)

This evening ?

Tosca

The moon is full, and all the scents
that rise from fragrant flow'rs
perfume the night.

Will that not please you ?

(she sits down on the dais-step, close to Cavaradossi)

Cavaradossi

Surely ! (absently)

Tosca

(struck with his indifference)

Say it again !

Cavaradossi

(as before)

Surely.

Tosca

(vexed)

Thou say'st it badly.

Dost thou not long for our cottage secluded,
From which all cares and vexations are excluded ?
Sweet, secret nest, in which we love-birds hide.
Safe and happy, side by side.

When the skies are calm and clear,
 We'll listen to the voices
 That only lovers hear
 When Nature herself rejoices
 From all the flowers that bloom in that earthly Aidenn,
 Late breezes, with summer fragrance laden, [sensation,
 Cull perfumes that, blended, evoke a strange mysterious
 Rife with subtle and sweet intoxication.
 The babbling brooks, the rustling leaves and grasses.
 The night-birds belated, the chirping red-breast and cooing
 turtle-dove
 Murmur the story of the joy that all surpasses,
 Tell the tale of ardent love.

Cavaradossi

Thou hast caught me in thy toils,
 my fair enchantress.
 Siren sweet, I will come !

Tosca

My beloved !

(leans her head against Cavaradossi's shoulder. Straightway he draws back a little, fixing his gaze upon the Chapel-gates)

Cavaradossi

Now leave me to my labours.

Tosca

(surprised)

You dismiss me ?

Cavaradossi

I must work, child, as thou knowest.

Tosca

(showing vexation, rises)

I am going !

(moves away from Cavaradossi, but, looking back, perceives the picture, and returns to Cavaradossi, much agitated)

Pray, who is that fair-haired woman there ?

Cavaradossi

A Magdalen. (calmly) Do you like her ?

Tosca

She is too handsome.

ACT I.

Cavaradossi

(bowing and smiling)

A flatt'ring judgment !

Tosca

(suspiciously)

Smil'st thou ?

I fancy I have seen those blue eyes somewhere

Cavaradossi

(with indifference)

They're by no means uncommon !.

Tosca

(striving to remember)

A moment.

(Ascends the dais, and exclaims triumphantly)

The Attavanti !

Cavaradossi

(laughing)

Brava !

Tosca

(devoured by jealousy)

Thou see'st her ? She loves thee ?

Thou lov'st her ?

Cavaradossi

(reassuringly)

Thou art mistaken...

Tosca

(not listening to him, in her jealous rage)

Those footsteps ... and all that whisp'ring...

Ah ! for her you have betrayed me...

Cavaradossi

What nonsense !

Tosca

That hideous creature ! (menacingly) For her

Cavaradossi

(gravely)

I saw her yestern by the merest chance.

She hither came to pray, and—

unseen—I sketched her features...

Tosca

Swear it !

Cavaradossi

I swear it (gravely)

Tosca

(gazing stercorately at the picture)

See how she stares. the harpy !...

Cavaradossi

Away, love !

Tosca

As though she loathed and scorned me.

Cavaradossi

(gently urging her to descend the steps)

What folly !

(she comes down backwards, holding both Cavaradossi's hands, and never taking her eyes off the picture. Cavaradossi presses her to him fondly, looking lovingly into her eyes)

Tosca

(softly reproaching him)

Ah ! those eyes !...

Cavaradossi

No eyes on earth—not the brightest and clearest—

Are as lustrous as thine, thou ever dearest !...

Why dost thou doubt me ? What is't thou fearest ?..

Why would thy jealous fancy fain discover

A faithless heart in the loyal breast of thine own

constant lover ?...

Tosca

(carried away, and resting her head on his bosom)

Whether thou'rt false or faithful, Mario,

I must believe thee.

But (maliciously) let her eyes be black ones !...

Cavaradossi

(tenderly)

Jealous darling !

Tosca

Yes, I feel that I torment thee without reason.

Cavaradossi

Jealous darling !

Tosca

And I know thou wilt forgive me,

for I hate to give thee pain.

Cavaradossi

My Tosca, dear adored one,
ev'ry mood of thine is charming ;
e'en thy anger is an ecstasy of love !

Tosca

Oh, repeat those words consoling.
If you love me, pray repeat them !

Cavaradossi

My own mistrustful angel,
I shall always dearly love thee !
Yes, anxious spirit,
I shall love thee till I die !

Tosca

See ! it is really disgraceful !
My hair is quite dishevelled.

Cavaradossi

Now go ; leave me.

Tosca

Continue to work at your picture till nightfall
And you must promise that no pious lady
no fair or dusky beauty,
shall be admitted here on any pretext !

Cavaradossi

I promise, beloved !... Go !

Tosca

Why should I hurry ?

Cavaradossi

(reproachfully)

Again, love ?

Tosca

(falls into his arms)

No ! forgive me !

(offers her cheek to his lips)

Cavaradossi

(jestingly)

Before the good Madonna ?

Tosca

(saluting the image)

She won't be angry !

(about to leave, she again gazes at the picture, and says maliciously)

But let her eyes be black ones !

(exit hastily. Cavaradossi remains on the stage, plunged in thought. Remembering Angelotti, he listens to Tosca's retreating steps, opens the side-door and looks out. Seeing that all is quiet, he hurries back to the chapel. Angelotti appears behind the railings, which Cavaradossi opens, letting Angelotti out of the chapel. They shake hands affectionately.)

Cavaradossi

(to Angelotti, who, of course, has heard the preceding conversation)

My Tosca is true-hearted, but indiscreet.

She cannot keep a secret from her old Confessor.

So I deemed 'twere wiser

to keep your counsel strictly.

Angelotti

Are we alone ?

Cavaradossi

Yes. What plan have you concocted ?

Angelotti

As prudence shall dictate, I shall cross the frontier,
or lie hidden in the city... My sister...

Cavaradossi

The Attavanti ?

Angelotti

Yes... Concealed a full suit of woman's garments,
there, under the altar...

The costume lacks nothing essential...

(looks nervously around him)

'Twill serve after dark as a disguise

What say you ?

Cavaradossi

Let us hope so ! Such circumspect demeanour,
and devoutness so prayerful,

in such a youthful beauty ; I fancied these

were symptoms of some subtle love intrigue !...

How I wronged her ! She was trying to save you !

Angelotti

Reckless of danger, she strove
to rescue me from Scarpia's clutches.

Cavaradosi

Scarpia?

A bigoted satyr and hypocrite,
secretly steeped in vice and most demonstratively
pious ; sanctimonious, lascivious, and cruel ;
a cross 'tween confessor and hangman !
(Indignantly)—I'll save you, should it cost even my life !
To delay until night is scarcely prudent...

Angelotti

Daylight affrights me !...

Cavaradosi

(pointing towards the chapel)

From the chapel-door you enter a garden.
Thence runs a roughish path, which,
traversing some fields, leads to my villa...

Angelotti

I know it.

Cavaradosi

Here is the door-key.

Before 'tis dark I will rejoin you. Take with you
the clothes here concealed by your fair sister.

Angelotti

(picks up the garments hidden under the altar)

Must I wear them ?

Cavaradosi

I think you need not, for the path is deserted.

Angelotti

(going out)

Farewell, then !

Cavaradosi

(follows him hurriedly)

Should danger be urgent, take refuge
in the garden well. Just half-way down
you will find a narrow passage connecting
the old well with a vast, dark cellar.
There hidden, you will be in perfect safety.

(A cannon-shot ; they exchange glances of alarm)

Angelotti

The cannon of the fortress !

Cavaradossi

Your escape is discovered !

Now Scarpia his hounds is unleashing.

Angelotti

Farewell, then !

Cavaradossi

(resolutely)

I'll go with you. We will evade them

Angelotti

I hear a step !

Cavaradossi

(enthusiastically)

We'll show fight if they follow !

(Exeunt quickly through the chapel)

(Enter Sacristan hurriedly, well-nigh breathless, exclaiming)

Sacristan

Glorious news, your Excellency !

(astounded at not seeing Cavaradossi seated before the altar)

Now, that's a pity !

He who grieves an unbeliever gains
a plenary indulgence !

(Boys rush in riotously from all the entrances. Enter Acolytes, Penitents, Chorists and Pupils of the Chapel)

Sacristan

Hither all the singing crew ! Hither !

All

Whither ?

Sacristan

This way, good people...

(pushing them towards the Sacristy)

ACT I.

All

What has happened ?

Sacristan

Don't you know ? Buonaparte ...
the miscreant ... Buonaparte ...

All

Well, what of him ?

Sacristan

Beaten, crushed, humiliated ;
Satan has him on the hip !

All

Who can prove it ? What silly nonsense !

Sacristan

'Tis the truth, I do assure ye !
Soon the news will be made public.

All

'Twill be hailed with loud rejoicing !

Sacristan

This very evening there will be great doings,
Gala performance and torchlight procession,
Also an apposite brand-new cantata
Sung by the Floria with appropriate expression.
You singing boys
Put on your vestments, make no more noise.
Off ! off, without delay !

All

(They burst out laughing and pay no attention to the Sacristan, who tries in vain to drive them into the sacristy)

Double wages ! Te Deum, gloria !

Long live the King !

This very evening there will be great doings,
gala performance, torchlight procession,
a brand new cantata sung by Tosca.

Long live the King !

Yes, this evening there will be great do—— ...

(Enter Scarpia unexpectedly, he stands in the doorway ; seeing him, all are stricken dumb and motionless, as though spell-bound)

ACT I.

Scarpia

(imperiously)

**Pray, why this great commotion ?
In a church, too !**

(Spoletta and other police-agents follow Scarpia)

Sacristan

(affrighted and stammering)

Excellency ... We were overjoyed ...

Scarpia

Make ready, ail, for the Te Deum.

(They all sneak out, and the Sacristan is about to follow their example, when Scarpia bids him stay)

Stay here !

Sacristan

(alarmed)

I obey you !

Scarpia

(to Spoletta)

**And go thou, search ev'ry corner,
look sharply about you !**

Spoletta

I shall so...

Scarpia

(signals two agents to follow Spoletta)

Watch all the doorways.

(to other agents of the party)

Arouse no suspicion.

(to the Sacristan)

**Now for you ! Answer my questions truly
A prisoner of State escaped, an hour ago.
from Fort San Angelo, and he is hidden nere...**

Sacristan

Misericordia !

Scarpia

He must be here still.

Which chapel bears the name of the Attavanti?

Sacristan

This is it.

(goes up to the railing, and finds it unlocked)

'Tis open! Archangels!

This key is a new one!

(shows key)

Scarpia

That gives a clue... We shall see.

Scarpia enters the chapel and returns promptly, Scarpia manifestly annoyed, holding in his hand a closed fan, which he flutters nervously)

A stupid blunder (aside) that gunshot from the fortress; it gave the criminal timely warning, and he fled. But he left here this bauble... (waving the fan) A love-token.

What fair accomplice helped him to escape?

(plunged in thought, carefully inspects the fan and suddenly catching sight of a coat of arms exclaims)

'Twas the fair Attavanti!...

These are her arms...

(looks around, examining every nook and corner of the Church. His attention is caught by the scaffolding, the painter's easel, and the picture, which reproduces the well-known face of the Marchioness Attavanti in a counterfeit presentment of Mary Magdalen)

It is her portrait.

(to the Sacristan)

Who painted that picture?

Sacristan

(still terror-stricken)

Sir Mario Cavaradossi...

Scarpia

He!

Sacristan

(perceiving a police-agent, who issues from the Chapel, basket in hand)

Bless me! 'Tis his basket!

Scarpia

(following up his train of thought)

He ! The lover of Tosca !
A man suspected ! An unbeliever !

Sacristan

(having looked inside the basket, exclaims in great surprise)

Empty ! ..

Scarpia

(catching sight of the agent and the basket)

What said'st thou ? Speak up !

Sacristan

(takes the basket from the agent)

It has been found inside the Chapel,
hidden away.

Scarpia

Dost recognise it ?

Sacristan

Doubtless ! It is the painter's basket...

(stammering timidly)

but ... notwithstanding ...

Scarpia

(vehemently)

Spit out all that you know !

Sacristan

(still affrighted, tearfully holds up the empty basket)

I brought it hither,
filled with the best of food and liquor ...
The painter's mid-day meal ...

Scarpia

(significantly)

Which he has eaten !

Sacristan

(making a negative gesture)

Not in the Chapel !
for he had not the key, nor did he
mean to eat at all ... at least, so he told me.
Hence I had set it down there,

(points to the place where he had left the full basket)

'neath the easel.

(Painfully impressed by Scarpia's stern and silent bearing)

(Deliver us from temptation !) (to himself)

ACT I.

Scarpia

(aside)

'Tis clear as daylight... The provisions
of the Sacristan were devoured by Angelotti.

(Enter Tosca, nervously; she walks straight up to the scaffolding. Not finding Cavaradossi there, in great agitation, she searches for him in the central nave of the church. Scarpia, as soon as he sees her come in, instantly hides behind the pillar to which the holy-water trough is affixed, imperatively signalling the Sacristan to stay where he is. The Sacristan, trembling with confusion, stands near the painter's dais).

Tosca ! She must not see me.
'Twas a 'kerchief lit Othello's jealous fire,
Now shall this fragile fan rouse Tosca's ire !

Tosca

(returns to the dais, calling out loudly and impatiently)

Mario ! Mario !

Sacristan

(approaching her)

Do you mean Cavaradossi ?
Where he is, who can say ?
Obedient to some spell, he vanished clean away.

(exit furtively)

Tosca

Has he betrayed me ? No !
To me he could not be untrue.

Scarpia

(From round the pillar dips his fingers in the trough, and offers holy water to Tosca. Before going to church)

Tosca divinest,

(gently and insinuatingly)

your dainty hand, that milk-white wonder,
lend me for a moment, that I may lightly touch it
with my uncouth fingers dipped in holy water...

Tosca

(touches Scarpia's fingers, and crosses herself)

Thanks, many thanks !

Scarpia

No woman alive does nobler work than you
From heaven, teeming with fervid sanctity,
you conjure to earth the sacred raptures
that give life to religion.

Tosca

(thoughtful and inattentive)

Spare my blushes.

(Several people enter the church and gather together up the stage)

Scarpia

Pious songsters are rare,
But you, the star of the lyric stage,
Hither come to bend your knees in prayer.

(Bells ring to church)

Tosca

(surprised)

What mean you ?

Scarpia

You are not like certain frivolous wantons ;

(points to the portrait)

Magdalens they simulate profanely,
and come here to meet their lovers. (Emphatically)

Tosca

(starting)

How ? Their lovers ? What mean you ?

Scarpia

(showing her the fan)

Is this a painter's brush or mahlstick ?

ACT I.

Tosca

(seizing it)

'Tis a fan ! Where did you find it ?

Scarpia

There, on the easel. (Enter the peasants).

Some casual worshippers disturbed the lovers,
and in her hasty flight she dropped some feathers !...

Tosca

(examining the fan)

A coronel ! Her arms, too !

'Tis Attavanti's ! Prophetic suspicion !

Scarpia

(Aside.) My design has succeeded !

Tosca

(sorrowfully, restraining her tears with difficulty, forgetful of the locality and of Scarpia).

And I who sought him here, oppressed with sorrow.
To say I could not meet him till to-morrow...
That Tosca, to her grief and consternation,
Would have to figure at this evening's celebration...

Scarpia

(aside) How the poison is working !

(enter groups of peasants, carters, etc.)

(gently) What has aggrieved you,

Sweetest of creatures ?...

Say, has some traitor basely deceived you,

That tears bedew those exquisite features ?

Tell me, fair Tosca, what has aggrieved you ?

Tosca

Nothing !

Scarpia

My life I'd give, could I mitigate your anguish.

Tosca

(not listening to him)

And here in grief I must languish,
While, embraced in other arms, he derides me!

Scarpia

(Well works the poison!) (aside)

Tosca

Where am I?

(A few citizens stroll in)

How could I think he would yield to temptation?

My pretty villa! (angrily)

Must I submit to its vile profanation?

Cruel Mario!

In mire my nest of love they have been steeping!

(resolutely)

I'll purge it of their vileness!

(turns threateningly towards the picture)

To-night thou shalt not possess him!

(desperately)

I swear it!

Scarpia

(scandalised)

In church! Fie!

Tosca

(weeping)

God will forgive me, for He sees I am weeping!

sobs bitterly. Scarpia accompanies her to the door, pretending to reassure her. After her exit, the church becomes gradually fuller and fuller. Having escorted Tosca to the church-door, Scarpia returns to the chapel-gate and makes a sign, in obedience to which Spoletto issues from behind the pillar. The crowd withdraws to the back of the church, awaiting the Cardinal; some kneel down and pray.)

Scarpia

Three agents, and a close carriage... Quickly...
follow her whithersoever she may go... Be careful!

ACT I.

Spoletta

I will. Where shall I find you?

Scarpia

At the Farnese Palace!

(Exit Spoletta hurriedly. Scarpia smiles sardonically)

Go, Tosca! There is room in your heart for Scarpia...

(The Cardinal and his following advance to the high altar; the Swiss Guards divide the crowd, which ranges itself on either side of the procession. Organ plays)

**Go, Tosca! For Scarpia it is who has fired
your soul and stirred up your jealous passion.**

(Cannon fired)

**Infinite promise lies in your hasty suspicions,
There is room in your heart for Scarpia...**

(Ironically)

Go, Tosca!

(He bows reverently as the Cardinal passes by, blessing the kneeling throng)

(Fiercely) **Twofold the purpose now I entertain,
and the hanging of that rebel
is by no means my chief desire...**

**'Tis in her gay, triumphant eyes that
I hope soon to kindle love's languid flame,
when in my arms she is clasped,
mute with fond rapture, giddy with am'rous joy.**

(Savagely) **One to the scaffold, and
the other to my fond arms...**

(The whole crowd turns towards the high altar. Many kneel. Scarpia stands enwrapped in thought, then starts, as in a dream)

**Tosca! for thee I could renounce
my hopes of heaven!**

(With religious fervour, kneeling)

Te æternum Patrem, etc.

(quick curtain)

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

Scene : The Farnese Palace.

Scarpia's apartments, on an upper floor. The table is laid for supper. A large window overlooks the Palace Courtyard. Nightfall.

(Scarpia is seated, supping and breaking off at intervals to reflect. From time to time he looks at his watch, manifesting agitation and disquietude.)

Scarpia

A good decoy is Tosca, and, by this time,
my people have secured the two conspirators.
To-morrow's sunrise shall see them
hanging side by side like dogs,
upon my tallest gallows.

(rings a hand-bell. Enter Sciarrone.)

Is Tosca in the Palace ?...

Sciarrone

A page has been despatched
to fetch her hither ...

Scarpia

(to Sciarrone, pointing to the window)

Open !

ACT II.

(An orchestra is audible in a lower storey, where Queen Caroline is giving an entertainment in honour of General Melas.)

Late is the hour... For Tosca
they're waiting to commence the Cantata,
and meanwhile they are dancing. (aside)

(to Sciarrone)

You will await the Tosca at the entrance,
and will tell her I expect her
at the end of the Cantata ...

He recalls Sciarrone, who is going, rises, crosses the stage to a high desk, and hurriedly writes a note, handing it to Sciarrone)

Be sure you give her this letter.

(exit Sciarrone)

She will come ... for the sake of her Mario !

For the sake of her Mario,
she will comply with my desire.

Such are the alternations of love's
deep joys and deep sorrows.

Keener far is the relish of a forcible conquest
than of a passive surrender. Sighs of entreaty
and sentimental rhapsodies by moonlight
do not delight me. I am not skilled
in twanging the guitar, nor in
fortune-telling lore ; I cannot leer nor ogle,
nor coo like any turtle-dove. (disdainfully)

(he rises, but does not leave the table)

Hence must I strive for the thing I desire.

I possess it, and then discard it,
turning to other pleasures.

God created beauty and wine of various
merit ; I choose to taste all that I can
of the heavenly produce.

(enter Sciarrone)

Sciarrone

Here is Spoletta.

Scarpia

(loudly, in great excitement)

Bring him to me forthwith.

Scarpia

resumes his seat. Exit Scarrone to summon Spoletta, who returns with him and takes up his stand near entrance C. Busy with his supper, Scarpia interrogates Spoletta without looking at him)

Well, my fine fellow.

Spoletta

(coming forward nervously)

Saint Ignatius protect me ! (aside)

(aloud) Quickly we followed the track of the lady.
Soon we arrived at a villa almost hidden by foliage ;
Madam went in, and came out again promptly.
Straightway I lightly scaled the coping of the wall
with my companions, and entered the garden...

Scarpia

Well done, good Spoletta !

Spoletta

(hesitantly)

Vainly we searched the house...

Scarpia

(perceiving Spoletta's embarrassment, arises, pale with anger, and frowning formidably)

Ah ! Angelotti ?

Spoletta

We could not find him !

Scarpia

Base scoundrel ! Vilest of traitors !
Spawn of the fiend incarnate !
to the gallows !... (furiously)

Spoletta

Good Lord !

(trying to assuage Scarpia's wrath, says timidly)

The painter was there...

Scarpia

(interrupting him)

Cavaradossi ?

ACT II.

Spoletta

(nodding affirmatively)

He knows where the other one is hidden...
His scornful gestures, his contemptuous scoffings
aroused my suspicions ; so I put him in irons...

Scarpia

You did wisely.

(Spoletta is evidently relieved. Scarpia walks about thoughtfully, then suddenly stands still, hearing through the open window the cantata executed by the choir assembled in the Queen's reception-rooms. The singing proves that Tosca has returned and is actually in the Palace, on the storey beneath Scarpia's apartments)

Spoletta

(pointing towards the ante-rooms)

He is there !

Scarpia

(suddenly struck by an idea)

Bring in the prisoner straightway.

(exit Spoletta)

(To Sciarrone) Hither Roberti and the Judge of the Exchequer.

(resumes his seat. Spoletta and three police-agents bring in Cavaradosi. Enter Roberti the executioner, an Exchequer Judge with his clerk, and Sciarrone)

Cavaradosi

(angrily)

Why this outrage ?

Scarpia

(with elaborate courtesy)

Noble sir, I beg you to be seated...

Cavaradosi

(firmly)

I wish to know...

Scarpia

(pointing to a chair on the other side of the table)

Be seated...

Cavaradossi

(refusing)

No, thank you.

Scarpia

As you please.

(looks steadfastly at Cavaradossi before questioning him)

To-day escaped from prison—

(breaking off at the sound of Tosca's voice singing in the cantata)

Cavaradossi

Is her voice !... (hearing Tosca)

Scarpia

(resuming)

To-day escaped from prison one whom
you know to be a dangerous criminal.

Cavaradossi

I know nothing !

Scarpia

And yet it is alleged that you concealed
him in the Church of Sant'Andrea, and
provided him with food and with raiment...

Cavaradossi

(resolutely)

Mere falsehoods !

Scarpia

(preserving a calm demeanour)

Later on, you conveyed him to a
villa in the suburbs...

Cavaradossi

I deny it. Who says so ?

Scarpia

(mildly)

A faithful, honest servant...

Cavaradossi

To the purpose. My accuser ?

In vain (ironically) - your myrmidons have
searched the villa.

Scarpia

Proving he was well hidden.

Cavaradossi

Your spies could not find him !

Spoletta

(Interposes, offended)

Scoffing and sneering, he laughed at all
our endeavours...

Cavaradosi

And still he laughs.

Scarpia

(rising in anger)

This is no place for merriment ! (threateningly)

I warn you ! Enough now ! (nervously)

Answer truly !

(disturbed and annoyed by the singing, he closes the window. Imperiously to Cavaradosi)

Where is Angelotti ?

Cavaradosi

I do not know.

Scarpia

You never with food and drink supplied him (of)

Cavaradosi

Never !

Scarpia

Nor with garments ?

Cavaradosi

Never !

Scarpia

Nor concealed him in your villa,
where he still lies hidden ?

Cavaradosi

(vehemently)

Never ! Never !

Scarpia

(almost paternally)

I pray you, give my words attention ;
stubbornness such as yours is far from wise,
believe me. By frank confession
you may avert the pain that else awaits you.
Let me advise you ; tell me ;
where is now Angelotti ?

Cavaradossi

I don't know.

Scarpia

Once more, and for the last time.
Where is he ?

Cavaradossi

I know not !

Spoletta

(aside)

(How he tightens his clutches !)

(Enter Tosca in alarm ; she runs up to Cavaradossi and embraces him.)

Tosca

Mario ! thou here !

Cavaradossi

(under his breath to Tosca, who makes signs that she understands)

Say nothing of what you have seen there,
or you will kill me !

Scarpia

Mario Cavaradossi, the judge is
waiting to take your deposition.

(Scarpia signals Sciarrone to open the entrance to the torture-chamber, and turns to Roberti)

First the usual pressure ; later, as I instruct you...

(The judge passes into the torture-chamber, and the others follow him, only Tosca and Scarpia remaining behind. Spoletta withdraws to the door situatè C. at the back of the stage. Sciarrone closes the door L, greatly to Tosca's surprise. Scarpia reassures her with sedulous politeness)

Now let us have a friendly talk together

(signs to her to be seated)

There is nothing to alarm you...

ACT II.

Tosca

(sits down with affected calm)

Nor do I feel alarmed...

Scarpia

(leans on the back of the sofa on which Tosca is seated)

The story of the fan ?...

Tosca

(with feigned indifference)

Was one of silly jealousy...

Scarpia

The Attavanti, it seems, was not at the villa ?

Tosca

No. No one but he was there.

Scarpia

No one ? (maliciously) Of that you are quite certain ?

Tosca

I saw all that there was to see. (Insistently) Alone !

Scarpia

Indeed !

Tosca

(Irritated)

Yes, alone !

Scarpia

What excitement !

Do you fear to commit some indiscretion ?

(turning towards the entrance to the torture-chamber)

Sciarrone, what does the witness say ?

Sciarrone

(appears in the doorway)

Nothing !

Scarpia

(still more loudly)

Be more urgent.

(Sciarrone retires, closing the door)

Tosca

(laughing)

Oh ! 'tis useless !

Scarpia

(gravely, walking about the room)

We shall see, fairest lady.

Tosca

(slowly, smiling ironically)

Thus, if I wish to please you,
I must tell you untruths?

Scarpia

No ; by truthfulness only he may
be spared an hour of anguish...

Tosca

An hour of anguish ? (surprised)

What do you mean ?

What is happening in that chamber ?

Scarpia

The laws are there enforced, to the letter.

Tosca

Oh, God ! and how ?...

Scarpia

(with ferocious sternness)

Bound hand and foot, your lover there lies
prostrate, a fillet of steel encircling his temples,
from which a jet of hot blood
spurts out at ev'ry denial !

Tosca

(tottering to her feet)

'Tis not true ! What a fiendish invention !...

(Cavaradossi groans deeply)

A groan ? Have mercy !

Scarpia

Speak out, and save him.

Tosca

Yes, yes... but release him !

Scarpia

(turning towards the entrance *L.*)

Sciarrone, loosen him !

Sciarrone

(appearing at the threshold)

Quite ?

Scarpia

Quite.

(Sciarrone re-enters the torture-chamber, closing the door)

And now, tell me the truth.

Tosca

Let me see him !...

Scarpia

No !

Tosca

(By degrees succeeds in approaching the door, and exclaims)

Mario !

Cavaradossi

(from within, in pain)

Tosca !

Tosca

Are they hurting you still ?

Cavaradossi

No, take courage. Silence ! Pain I despise !...

Scarpia

And now speak out, fair Tosca.

Tosca

(firmly)

I know nothing !

Scarpia

That test was not sufficient ?...

If not, we can repeat it...

(walks towards the doorway)

Tosca

(Interposing herself between Scarpia and the door)

No ! you shall not !

Scarpia

Will you speak out, then ?

Tosca

No ! no !...

Ah ! monster, you have hurt him ; you
demon incarnate, you will kill him !...

Scarpia

Your obstinate silence 'tis that
hurts him worse than I do. (laughs)

Tosca

You laugh, wretch ... you laugh at his anguish !

Scarpia

(enthusiastically)

More tragical Tosca was ne'er on the stage !

Tosca withdraws from Scarpia, who turns towards Spoletta in a transport of ferocity, exclaiming loudly)

Throw open the doors !

Let her hear him complaining !

(Spoletta opens the door and stands stiffly by the threshold)

Cavaradossi

(from within)

I defy you !...

Scarpia

(to Robert)

Harder, still harder !

Cavaradossi

I defy you !

Scarpia

(to Tosca)

Speak out then !

Tosca

What shall I say ?

Scarpia

Now — quickly !

Tosca

Ah ! I know nothing ! (desperately)

Ah ! must I tell lies ?

Scarpia

(insisting)

Say, where is Angelotti ?

Tosca

No !

Scarpia

Say, where is Angelotti ? Speak out you shall !

Say, where have you hidden him ?

Tosca

Ah ! do not urge me ! Ah ! pray have pity !

Scarpia

Speak !

Tarry no longer ! Where is he ?

Tosca

Ah ! torment me no longer ! Have mercy,

I pray, I can no more ! (Mario groans)

(At a sign from Scarpia, Spoletta allows Tosca to approach the open door ; horror-stricken by what she sees, she advances towards Cavaradossi and, standing by the door of the torture-chamber, exclaims distractedly)

Mario ! permit me to tell him !

Cavaradossi

(his voice broken by pain)

No !

Tosca

But hear me—I can no more !

Cavaradossi

Woman, what know'st thou ? What canst thou say ?

Scarpia

(Infuriated by Cavaradossi's utterances, and fearing that they may encourage Tosca to keep silence, exclaims aloud to Spoletta)

Compel him to be silent !

(Spoletta enters the torture-chamber, from which he promptly emerges, while Tosca, overcome by emotion, falls back on the sofa, and appeals in a tremulous voice to Scarpia, who stands by impassively and silently)

Tosca

Have I ever done you wrong ?

It is I whom you torture thus basely, whom you torture cruelly, yes, cruelly, cruelly torture !

(bursts into convulsive sobs)

(Spoletta, kneeling, mutters a Latin prayer. Scarpia, profiting by Tosca's prostration, goes up to the door of the torture-chamber and signals Roberti to recommence operations. Cavaradossi utters a strident and prolonged cry of pain, whereupon Tosca rises from the sofa, and in a stifled voice says hurriedly to Scarpia)

The well ... in the garden ...

Scarpia

There is Angelotti ?

Tosca

(choking)

Yes !

Scarpia

(loudly, towards the torture-chamber)

That will do, Roberti.

Sciarrone

(appearing at the door)

He has fainted !...

Tosca

Vile assassin ! Now let me see him...

Scarpia

Quick, carry him hither !

Cavaradossi, in a swoon, is carried in and deposited on the sofa. Tosca rushes towards him, but is horror-stricken when she sees him bleeding, and stands still, covering her eyes with her hands. Then, ashamed of her weakness, she kneels down by Cavaradossi, lavishing kisses and tears upon him. Sciarrone, the Judge, Roberti, and the Clerk exeunt C. ; Spoletta and the agents remain behind, in obedience to a sign made by Scarpia)

Cavaradossi

Floria !...

Tosca

Beloved...

Cavaradossi

'Tis she !

Tosca

How thou hast suffered, heart of my heart
But the brutal tyrant shall suffer too !

Cavaradossi

Tosca, did I say aught ?

Tosca

No, my love...

Cavaradossi

Really !...

Tosca

No !

Scarpia

(loudly and authoritatively to Spoletta)

In the well of the garden—Go, Spoletta !

(Exit Spoletta)

Cavaradossi

(rises threateningly)

Thou hast betrayed me !

(falls backwards, overcome)

Tosca

(embracing him passionately)

Mario !

Cavaradossi

(trying to push her away)

Be accursed !

Tosca

Mario !

(enter Sciarrone, much perturbed)

Sciarrone

Excellency, dreadful tidings !...

Scarpia

(surprised)

What has happened ? Tell me quickly !

Sciarrone

The Royal troops have been defeated...

Scarpia

How defeated ? When ? Where ?

Sciarrone

At Marengo...

Scarpia

(impatiently)

Wretched dullard !

Sciarrone

Bonaparte won the day !...

Scarpia

Melas !...

Sciarrone

No ! Melas was routed !

(With ever-increasing anxiety Cavaradossi has listened to Sciarrone's announcements, and in his exultation finds strength to arise and confront Scarpia menacingly)

Cavaradossi

(enthusiastically)

Victory ! Victory !

Thou spirit of vengeance, awake !

Let tyrants and myrmidons quake !

Freedom, brandish thy glaive and
strike down thy enemies !

Tosca

(In despair, endeavouring to quiet Cavaradossi)

Mario ! Silence, in pity to me !

Cavaradossi

Raise thy clarion voice !

Bid a sad world rejoice !

Tremble, Scarpia, thou butcherly hypocrite !

Scarpia

(staring cynically at Cavaradossi and smiling sarcastically)

Bravado ! Boaster ! I hate thee !

Thy carcass soon shall swing,

a senseless lump of clay ! Away,

doomed traitor, the hangman awaits thee !

Now carry him away !

(Sciarrone and the agents seize Cavaradossi, and drag him towards the door)

Tosca

(resisting with all her strength)

Mario, with thee ! ...

Scarpia

Go, dying traitor, go !

Tosca

(clinging to Mario, and brutally thrust back by the agents)

Mario ! with thee !...

(endeavours to force her way past Scarpia)

Scarpia

(pushing her back, and closing the door)

Not you !

Tosca

(gasping)

I conjure you, save him !

Scarpia

I ? — You !

(approaches the table, as though to resume supping, but turns back, calm and smiling)

My poor little supper was interrupted.

(seeing Tosca downcast and motionless, still near the door)

Why thus disheartened ?... Come,
sweet sorrow-stricken lady, be seated here.

Devise with me some plan whereby
we may contrive to save him,
and then ... be seated ...

(sits down, motioning to Tosca to do the like)

we'll talk it over.

(polishes a wineglass with his napkin, and fills it with wine)

Meanwhile, this cordial ... 'tis wine of Spain ...
pray taste it, 'twill raise your spirits.

Tosca

(sits herself opposite Scarpia, looking at him steadfastly, leaning her elbows on the table and shading her face. Contemptuously she asks him :)

How much ?

Scarpia

(imperturbably, filling his glass)

How much

Tosca

Your price, man ? ...

Scarpia

(laughs)

Venal, my enemies call me, but to ladies fair
I do not sell myself for paltry sums of money.
No ! if my plighted fealty I must betray
(emphatically) I'll choose some other payment.
This hour I've long awaited !. .

(excitedly)

Goddess of song, you have scorned me and braved me
 'Twas your beauty that made me love you, 'tis your hatred
 that has enslaved me ;
 When I saw your cheeks bedewed with tears of consternation,
 Shed by lustrous eyes that fiercely sparkled with scorn and
 detestation,
 When you clung to your lover like an amorous tigress,
 Ah ! 'twas at that hour I vowed thou shouldst be mine.

(He approaches Tosca with open arms ; she, who until now had listened to him without stirring,
 rises suddenly, horrified by his audacious proposals, and rushes behind the sofa. She screams.)

Scarpia

(following her)

Mine, wholly mine !

Tosca

(terrified, rushes to the window and clings to it)

No ! far rather will I kill myself !

Scarpia

(coldly)

Your Mario's life I'll hold in pawn for yours !

Tosca

Think you that I will contract so hideous a bargain ?

(the idea of appealing to the Queen occurs to her, and she hurries towards the door)

Scarpia

(divining her thoughts)

I will not force you to stay.

(draws aside)

You are free to go, fair lady ;

(Tosca is joyfully leaving the room when Scarpia, laughing ironically, stays her with a gesture)

but your hope is fallacious...

It were vain to ask our gracious Queen
 to pardon a dead man !

(Tosca turns back terror-stricken and, staring at Scarpia, resumes her seat on the sofa ; she
 turns her eyes away with a look of supreme disgust and hatred)

How you detest me !

Tosca

(with loathing and contempt)

I do !

Scarpia

(approaching her)

'Tis thus, 'tis thus I love you !

Tosca

(exasperated)

Do not touch me, you demon !
I hate you, you coward, you villain !

Scarpia

(approaching her still nearer)

What matter ? Hatred like yours
and love are kindred passions !

Tosca

Villain !

(shrinking behind the table)

Scarpia

(pursuing her)

Mine !

Tosca

Help !

(both are stayed by the sound of distant drums)

Scarpia

Listen to the drums approaching ;
leading the escort of men about to die on the scaffold.
And time is passing. Know you what dismal
preparations my people are completing ?
There... (pointing to window) they have
raised up a gallows-tree.

(Tosca shudders in terror and despair. Scarpia approaches her)

'Tis your will, then, that your fond lover
should die in another brief hour ?

Broken down by grief, Tosca falls back on the sofa. Scarpia leans against a corner of the table, pours out coffee, and drinks it, with his eyes fixed upon Tosca)

Tosca

(mournfully)

Love and music, these have I lived for,
nor ever have harmed a living being...
The poor and distressful, times without number,
by stealth, I have succoured...
Ever a fervent believer, my humble prayers
have been offered up sincerely to the saints ;
ever a fervent believer, on the altar flowers I've laid...
In this, my hour of sorrow and bitter tribulation,
oh ! heavenly Father, why dost Thou forsake me ?
Jewels I gave to bedeck Our Lady's mantle ;
I gave my songs to the starry hosts
in tribute to their brightness...
In this, my hour of grief and bitter tribulation,
why, Heavenly Father, why hast Thou forsaken me ?

Scarpia

What say you ?

Tosca

(resolutely)

No !

Scarpia

Forget not that time flieth swiftly !

Tosca

(kneels before Scarpia)

Must I, kneeling, beg for mercy ?
Behold me, pleading here at your feet for pity.
Hear me ! Grant my entreaty !
Let me not implore you vainly ! (desperately, yet humbly)

Scarpia

Too lovely art thou, Tosca, and too enchanting
to be resisted. I have the worst of the bargain ;
a life I barter against a minute of thy favour !

Tosca

Go !

(rising scornfully)

You make me shudder ! Go !

(a knock at the door)

Scarpia

Who's there ?

(enter Spoletta in haste and much agitated)

Spoletta

Excellency, Angelotti swallowed poison
when we seized him.

Scarpia

'Tis well ! Let them hang up his corpse on the gibbet !
And how about the other ?

Spoletta

You mean the painter, Cavaradosi ;
He awaits your decision !

Tosca

(aside)

Heaven help me !

Scarpia

(to Spoletta)

A moment...

(to Tosca, softly)

What say you ?

(she nods consentingly ; then, weeping for very shame, she buries her head in the sofa cushions)

Scarpia

(to Spoletta)

Hearken...

Tosca

(interrupting)

But he must be set free on the instant !

Scarpia

I fear that may not be. I dare not simply release him.

It must be believed by everyone here that he is dead.

(points to Spoletta) This worthy fellow will arrange all...

Tosca

Can he be trusted?

Scarpia

Trust the orders I shall give him,
here, in your presence.

(turning to Spoletta) Spoletta! shut that door.

(Spoletta hastens to obey, and then returns to Scarpia, who looks fixedly at her, Spoletta repeatedly indicating by nods that he understands his master's meaning)

I have altered my purpose. Cavaradossi
will be shot ... pay attention ...
just as we did in the case of Palmieri...

Spoletta

An execution...

Scarpia

(emphatically)

Simulated! ... As we did in the case of Palmieri!
Dost understand me?

Spoletta

I understand you.

Scarpia.

Go!

Tosca

(who has listened eagerly, interrupting)

And I in person will warn him.

Scarpia

Be it so.

(to Spoletta, pointing at Tosca)

You will admit her.

Remember: (emphatically) at four o'clock...

Spoletta

(emphatically)

Yes. Just like Palmieri...

(Exit Spoletta. Scarpia, standing by the door, listens to Spoletta's retreating steps. When, changing his manner and expression, he turns passionately to Tosca)

Scarpia

I have fulfilled my promise.

Tosca

Not entirely. I must have a safe-conduct enabling me to quit the country with him.

Scarpia

(politely remonstrating)

You really mean to leave us ?

Tosca

(positively)

Yes, for ever !

Scarpia

It shall be as you desire.

(goes to the desk and begins to write ; breaks off in order to ask Tosca)

By which road will you travel ?

Tosca

By the shortest !

Scarpia

Civitavecchia ?

Tosca

Yes.

(while Scarpia is writing, Tosca approaches the table and, with a trembling hand, takes up the glass filled with wine for her by Scarpia ; and as she raises it to her lips, perceives a sharp-pointed knife lying on the table-cloth. She casts a rapid glance at Scarpia, still occupied at the desk, and with infinite caution takes possession of the knife, which she hides behind her, leaning on the table and carefully watching Scarpia, who, having finished writing the safe-conduct, folds it up, and advances towards Tosca with open arms, intending to embrace her)

Scarpia

Tosca, at last thou art mine !...

(utters a terrible cry, as she stabs him full in the breast, and then groans deeply)

Thou accurst one !

Tosca

(violently)

It is thus that Tosca kisses !

Scarpia

(hoarsely)

Help me ! I'm dying !

(strives to lay hold of Tosca's dress ; she draws back horror-stricken)

Help !

ACT II.

(Tosca, between Scarpia and the table, and fearing that he will lay hold of her, thrusts him roughly from her. He falls, groaning and well nigh choked by blood)

Ah !

Tosca

(pitilessly)

Are you stifling with blood ?

Scarpia

Help me !

(struggles ineffectually to rise, clutching at the sofa)

I'm dying !

Tosca

And done to death by a woman !

Say, what mercy didst thou show me ?

Canst thou still hear me ?

(Scarpia makes a final effort, and falls backwards)

Answer ! Look at me ! Scarpia, I am Tosca ! !

Your victims' blood chokes you !

(bending over Scarpia's face)

Die, thou accurst one ! Perish !

Scarpia

(all but voiceless)

Ah !

(expires)

Tosca

He is dead ! Now I forgive him !

Without taking her eyes off Scarpia's corpse, she goes to the table, dips a napkin in the water-jug, and washes her fingers ; then arranges her hair before the looking-glass. Remembering the safe-conduct, she looks for it on the desk and, not finding it, searches elsewhere. At last she perceives it, clutched in the clenched fingers of Scarpia, and lifts up his arm, which she lets fall, stiff and stark, when she has possessed herself of the safe-conduct, which she hides in her bosom. She then constrains herself to contemplate Scarpia's dead body ; she extinguishes the lights on the supper-table, and is about to leave when, seeing one of the candles on the desk still burning, she takes it, and with it lights the other candle)

Tosca

And, yesterday, trembling Rome

lay prostrate at his feet !

Places one candle to the right of Scarpia's head, and the other to the left ; again looks round her, and seeing a crucifix hanging on the wall, takes it down and, kneeling, places it reverently at the breast of the corpse. Roll of distant drums, and slow curtain. Tosca rises and departs cautiously, closing the door after her)

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

Scene: A Platform of Castle Sant. Angelo.

L. A casemate, furnished with a table (on which stand a lantern, a huge register book, and writing materials), a bench, and a stool. Suspended to one of the walls, a crucifix and votive lamp. **R.** A trapdoor opening on a flight of steps leading to the platform from below. The Vatican and St. Peter's are depicted on the back cloth. Night time. Clear sky studded with stars. Sheep bells jangle afar off, then gradually nearer and nearer.

A Shepherd

(In the distance)

Day now is breaking,
The weary world awaking...

(the bells, still more distant, tinkle irregularly)

Lending new sorrow
And sadness to the morrow.

(the tinkling of the sheep bells dies away gradually)

If you could prize me,
To live I might try,
But if you despise me,
I may as well die!

(a dim, grey light heralds the approach of dawn)
(Afar off, the church bells begin ringing for matins. Enter jailer, bearing a lantern. He emerges from the trapdoor, enters the casemate, and lights, first the lamp suspended beneath the crucifix, and then the lantern standing on the table. Advancing to the parapet of the platform he leans over it and looks down into the courtyard to see if the firing party, told off to escort the condemned man, has arrived. Meeting a sentry, who is on guard within the precincts of the platform, and having exchanged a few words with him, the jailer returns to the casemate, where he sits down and waits, half asleep. An infantry picket, commanded by a sergeant, and in charge of Cavaradossi, ascends to the platform. The men are halted, and the sergeant conducts Cavaradossi to the casemate, which Cavaradossi enters. The jailer, seeing the sergeant, rises and salutes, whereupon the sergeant hands him a paper, which the jailer examines. Then, seating himself at the table, the jailer opens the register book and writes in it while interrogating Cavaradossi.)

Jailer

Mario Cavaradossi?

(Cavaradossi nods affirmatively)

Please sign.

(to the sergeant, handing him the pen. The sergeant signs the register-book and descends steps, followed by the picket. Bell)

You have an hour ...

(to Cavaradossi)

A holy father is nigh, at your disposal ...

Cavaradossi

No. But let me entreat you to do me a favour ...

Jailer

If possible ...

Cavaradossi

I leave behind me one whom I cherish fondly.
Can you grant me leave to write a few
words to her? Nothing is left of all
that I possessed but this little ring ...

(takes a ring off his finger)

If you will pledge your word to convey
my last farewell to her safely, it is yours...

Jailer

(after a little hesitation, accepts the ring, and signals Cavaradossi to be seated at the table)

Write your letter.

(sits down on the bench. Cavaradossi is lost in thought, from which he rouses himself to write.
After tracing a few lines, engrossed by memories of the past, he ceases writing)

Cavaradossi

(thinking aloud)

When the stars were brightly shining
And faint perfumes the air pervaded,
Creaked the gate of the garden,
And a footstep its precincts invaded,
'Twas her's, the fragrant creature,
In her soft arms she clasped me
With sweetest kisses, tenderest caresses,
A thing of beauty, of matchless symmetry in form and
feature !
My dream of love is now dispelled for ever ;
I lived uncaring,
And now I die despairing !
Yet ne'er was life so dear to me, no, never !

ACT III.

(bursts into tears, covering his face with his hands. Enter Spoletta through the trapdoor, accompanied by Tosca and followed by the sergeant, who carries a lantern. Spoletta points out to Tosca where she will find Cavaradosi, and then beckons to the jailer, with whom and the sergeant he re-descends the steps, not without having given orders to a sentry on guard at the back of the stage to keep close watch upon the prisoner. Tosca, who meanwhile has been manifestly in a state of violent agitation, sees Cavaradosi weeping, rushes up to him, and—unable to speak for sheer emotion—lifts his head with both hands, showing him the safe-conduct. On perceiving her he starts to his feet in surprise, and then reads the document which she has handed to him)

Ah! Safe-conduct to Floria Tosca
and to the gentleman, her companion.

(In unison with Tosca)

Tosca

(enthusiastically)

Thou art free, my love!

Cavaradosi

(perceiving the signature of the document)

Scarpia showed mercy!

(looking intently at Tosca)

Full surely his first concession!...

Tosca

(puts away the safe-conduct in her bosom)

And his last!

Cavaradosi

What say'st thou?...

Tosca

He exacted thy life or my love!...

Entreaties and conjurations

Were vain. The saints above

Would pay no heed to my wild invocations.

He said, the impious monster, "Now the
gallows tree is spreading its branches gaily!"

The muffled drums were sounding...

He laughed, the impious monster, laughed loudly,
hovering round his quivering prey!..

"Art mine, then?" "Yes!"

Thus I avowed myself defeated.
 He did not see the knife I had secreted...
 He signed the permit that sets thee free,
 and gives us license to depart...
 The glittering blade I drove into his heart !

Cavaradossi

Thou ?
 With thine own hand didst thou slay him ?
 Thou, most pious and merciful of souls !

Tosca

Yes ; both these hands
 with his hot blood were reeking !...

Cavaradossi

(taking her hands lovingly in his own)

Oh ! gentle hands, so pitiful and tender ;
 Soft hands, designed to deck luxuriant tresses
 With fragrant rosebuds, to bestow caresses,
 And pray for Heaven's grace to the offender,
 To you the Fates, grim ministers of death, surrender
 Th'impassive steel that base injustice represses
 By you was dealt the blow that tyranny suppresses,
 Oh ! gentle hands, so delicate and tender !

Tosca

(freeing her hands from his grasp)

Listen ... all now is ready ; *(shows a hand-bag)*
 I have collected my jewels and money...
 a carriage is in waiting... But first—smile,
 dearest love—you must submit to be fired at...
 in pretence, of course, and with blank
 cartridges ... a mere mimic execution.
 When they fire, fall down. Then the soldiers
 will retire ... We shall be safe then !
 Once in Civitavecchia—
 aboard of a lugger, and off to sea !

Cavaradossi

We are free !

Tosca

Free are we !

Cavaradossi

Free are we !

Tosca

Free and happy we shall be !...

Dost thou smell the scent of roses ?

Nature silently reposes

While dawn the secrets of night discloses.

Cavaradossi

The sting of death I only felt for thee, love ;

From thee my life took all its pride and pleasure.

The world without thee had been nought
to me, love,

Thou wert my joy, my glory, and my treasure.

The brightening of the skies, and eke
their darkening,

In thy refulgent eyes will be reflected,

Sweet sounds will reach mine ears when thou
art hearkening,

Just as thou art, so shall I be, joyous or dejected.

Tosca

And Love, to whom is due thy life's redemption,

Will be our guide on land, our pilot on the ocean.

Peace shall be ours, from worldly cares exemption,

Until, united in some sphere celestial,

Fluttering like fleecy clouds ever in motion

(she gazes fixedly, as though seeing a vision)

We shall soar high above the globe terrestrial.

(recalled to the realities of the situation, she looks around uneasily)

And they come not !

(to Cavaradossi with anxious tenderness)

Remember that you must fall on the
instant at which the soldiers fire !...

Cavaradossi

(sadly)

Do not fear, love. I shall fall at the
right moment, and quite correctly.

ACT III.

Tosca

(Insisting)

But pay attention ; take care not to
hurt yourself ! 'Tis only a stage-trick ;
I should know how to do it...

Cavaradossi

(Interrupting, draws her towards him)

Speak once again of thyself, of thy lover, who
listens to thy dulcet accents with rapture !

Tosca

(ecstasically)

When once we shall be free, how
joyously we will wander through a world radiant,
harmonious, sublime—the planet of love !...

Together

(in unison)

Farewell, pain !
Every feeling
Now is revealing
Heavenly bliss and perfect joy...
Our cares were idle and vain,
Now gladness is ours
Gladness without alloy !

(Enter, through the trap-door, a firing party of soldiers, commanded by an officer, who parades
it at the back of the stage, Spoletta, the sergeant, and the jailer follow him. Spoletta imparts
the necessary instructions. The sky brightens ; day is dawning.)

Tosca

Thine eyes I'll fondly close with countless kisses,
and loving words I'll whisper in thine ears...

Jailer

Your time is come !

(approaches Cavaradossi and points to the officer, taking off his cap, then picks up the register
of condemned prisoners, and exit through trap door. The church clocks strike 4 a.m.)

Cavaradossi

I'm ready !

ACT III.

Tosca

(in a low voice, suppressing her laughter)

Now remember... as soon as they fire... down!

Cavaradossi

(speaking under his breath, and laughing)

Down!

Tosca

On no account must you rise until I call you.

Cavaradossi

No, beloved.

Tosca

And fall down lightly.

Cavaradossi

Just like La Tosca on the stage.

Tosca

(seeing him smile)

You must not laugh...

Cavaradossi

(gravely)

Like this?

Tosca

Like that.

(Cavaradossi follows the officer after having taken leave of Tosca, who remains in the casemate taking up a position *L.*, from which she can see what takes place on the platform)

Tosca

(watching the officer and sergeant, who lead Cavaradossi up to the wall facing her)

This delay is vexatious!

What are they waiting for now?...

The sun is now rising...

(The sergeant offers to bandage Cavaradossi's eyes; smiling, Cavaradossi declines. Then lugubrious preliminaries weary Tosca's patience)

'Tis but a farce, I know...

Yet this anxiety is dreadful!...

ACT III.

(The officer and sergeant draw up the firing-party in readiness for the word of command)

At last ! they are priming their muskets.

(seeing that the officer is about to lower his sword, she stops her ears with her hands in order not to hear the explosion, and nods to Cavaradosi as a signal that he is to fall)

How handsome is my Mario !

(The officer lowers his sword, and the soldiers fire)

There ! Die now !

(seeing Cavaradosi prostrate, she kisses her hand to him)

How well he acts it !

(The sergeant inspects the body carefully. Spoletta hinders him from giving the customary *coup de grace*. The officer ranges his men in single file, the sergeant relieves the sentry C., and the whole party, preceded by Spoletta, passes through the trapdoor and down the steps. Tosca has watched their every movement anxiously, fearing that Cavaradosi may lose patience, and move or speak prematurely)

Oh ! Mario, do not move yet...

lie quietly ... silence !

(when they have left the platform, she runs to the trap-door and stands by it, listening in violent trepidation)

They are going... going down... down !

(fancying that she hears the soldiers returning to the platform, she turns again to Cavaradosi)

Not yet, I prithee... move not yet...

(she leans cautiously over the parapet, looking downward)

Now get up !

(again approaching Cavaradosi)

Mario ! Up quickly ! Away !

(touching him)

Up ! up ! Mario !

(uncovering the corpse)

Ah ! (desperately) Murdered !

Oh ! Mario ; murdered !

(sighing and sobbing)

Thou ?... and thus ?...

(throwing herself upon the body)

That thou shouldst end thus !

(agonised by grief)

What shall become of Floria ?

Beloved Mario, what is life without thee ?

(embracing the body)

Thou ! murdered !

(Guns of Spoletta, Sciarrone, Soldiers, &c., are heard afar off, beneath the stage.)

Sciarrone

I tell you, stabbed to death !

Spoletta and Chorus

Scarpia ?

Sciarrone

Scarpia !

Tosca

(weeping)

Mario ! What shall become of Floria ?

Spoletta

'Twas Tosca killed him !

(approaching closer and closer)

Sciarrone and Chorus

She must not escape !

Keep watch on the foot of the staircase !

(Tosca, weeping bitterly, falls upon Cavaradosi's corpse. Great noise under the stage. Spoletta and Sciarrone issue from the trapdoor.)

Sciarrone

(pointing out Tosca to Spoletta)

'Tis she !

Spoletta

Ah ! Tosca, thou shalt pay full dearly for his life...

(rushes at Tosca, who thrusts him back so violently that he all but falls prostrate. She then springs upon the parapet of the terrace.)

Tosca

With my own !... Oh ! Scarpia,
we shall meet on High !.....

(throws herself into space. Sciarrone and the soldiers emerge from the staircase in confusion, rush to the parapet and lean over it, looking downward, Spoletta, horror-stricken, remains stationary.)

QUICK CURTAIN.

FINIS.

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